

Halo: Headhunters

by Noble Scotsman

Category: Halo

Genre: Sci-Fi

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2012-03-21 01:25:59

Updated: 2013-10-03 07:13:42

Packaged: 2016-04-27 02:09:07

Rating: T

Chapters: 5

Words: 9,417

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: SPARTAN III Program; Onyx. Unit 0867 has been accepted into the secretive Headhunter Program, and as a 'recruit' fresh out of training, he will go through another year of hell before he's put on the field with a partner to fight for the UNSC and ONI

1. Chapter 1

****Hi guys, my first attempt at a Halo Fanfiction; hope you all like it. Remember to review and subscribe (please)!****

* * *

<p>CHAPTER 1 - NEW ARRIVAL

****0012 " July 9, 2541****

****Camp Currahee, Onyx****

****SPARTAN 0867 (Lloyd)****

It was past curfew, and the lights wouldn't be on for another 5 hours in Lloyd's barrack, but he was still awake. Something was troubling him.

Lloyd was orphaned as a baby, and taken into the SPARTAN-III program after his first fight in the orphanage; he was only 4 at the time. He was taken to Camp Currahee on Onyx at age 6, after learning how to shoot from an ex-marine stationed at one of ONI's headquarters. He had been here ever since.

SPARTAN-III's usually graduate into their armor at age 12, and placed within a Battle Group of 300. They would rely on sheer numbers, cunning, superior battle strategies, and being smaller targets to complete their missions. The short time they had spent in training paid off well; they were the best of the best, but still experimental. The armor they received was experimental as well; the

semi-powered infiltration armor (SPI) was a compromise between the more expensive, better MJOLNIR SPARTAN-II armor, and the cheaper, simpler ODS combat suits. Many of the war veterans stationed at Currahee commented on it being, "part legionnaire mail, part tactical body armor, and part chameleon."

It did its job.

What was bothering Lloyd though, was that he would not be receiving the rank of platoon leader, or even squad leader. As a new company, his 'Recruit Group' had been assigned new barracks with new squads, leaving the 'Hell Hole'. This was their pet name for the recruit barracks because it was the toughest training they'd ever been through, and the name stuck. At age 12, coming on 13 at the end of the month, Lloyd would officially become a SPARTAN, or fail out of the school and be sent over to Zone 67 to be trained as a marine. Either that or he would be shot, a failure to their 'perfect' program. Lloyd was currently only becoming an infantryman; not the rank he thought he deserved.

Lloyd didn't get it. He was the most advanced in his close combat class, scoring 27 out of 28 successful assassinations on one of his simulations; he shot the best patterns with any gun; and he was the fastest and strongest in both his class and the SPARTANS that had been in his 'Recruit Group'. He turned over angrily in his bed and came face-to-face with a gleaming SPI helmet.

Lloyd felt something slide over his mouth, a cloth maybe, and gave into the darkness as the toxins knocked him out.

'_Shitâ€¦|'_

* * *

><p>Lloyd woke up on a folding bed in a plain, whitewall room. He sat up, rubbing his head, and swung down. Lloyd suddenly realized that he was wearing his training armor, for simulation purposes only. The white, unblemished surface gleamed dully in the dim light. On a table next to him, he spotted his helmet; SPI copy, clear visor like all the trainees got. He slipped it on, and relaxed as the familiar surface brushed against his military-cut blond hair. He looked around the room some more, and saw a weapons rack next to the door. He walked over, and found a pistol and DMR, with one mag for each already loaded in. Lloyd had a bad feeling about this, but he grabbed the weapons and cocked them, stepping out the door and into the corridor.<p>

Lloyd spun around as he heard a sound behind him. He raised his DMR and walked towards the corner, bracing himself for a potential firefight. He leapt out and came face-to-face with a door leading to a large, empty room used for mock combat. He went in.

Inside, it seemed almost safe. There was another door across the room which Lloyd headed towards, but was stopped abruptly by three soldiers who appeared out of the shadows, literally stepping out of nothingness. Their faces were masked by their helmets, and they all wore SPI armor, guns held at the ready.

Lloyd lowered his weapon. "Hey, great, some friendly faces. Can you-

The SPARTAN IIIs opened up on him, and Lloyd was hit in the shoulder with a 'bullet'. It stung like hell, and when he looked over at it, his shoulder was encased in a slab of purple 'stone', rendering that shoulder useless. Lloyd took more hits, doing his best to return fire, until he was completely frozen solid. The three SPARTANS laughed and walked over to him, unsheathing their knives. Lloyd braised himself for death, but discovered the strangest feeling. He looked up at the nearest SPARTAN, then at the knife buried halfway in his chest.

All three SPARTANS had stuck their knives in him at once, and Lloyd imagined what it would feel like to be dead. Instead of pushing them in all the way through his training armor, the SPARTANS heaved down on their combat knives, slicing through the tough 'stone' and breaking it off in chunks. As each bit fell away, leaving Lloyd bare-chested and clad only in his slacks and helmet, he saw a part of his armor sliced away as well. After they were done, the SPARTAN who had fired upon Lloyd first, walked up to him and slammed Lloyd's head against the wall, slicing his knife across the front of Lloyd's helmet as he did. Lloyd stared at the remains of his helmet on the ground before swallowing and standing up straight, scared, but a SPARTAN to the end.

Brave.

Noble.

Courageous.

A SPARTAN never dies.

The three SPARTANS re-sheathed their knives, though, and slung their rifles across their backs. Lloyd took this opportunity to study all three of them for the first time in a non-combat situation. The first one had a color scheme of grey and red, choosing for his weapon a DMR. The second had a color scheme of light green and white, his weapon twin pistols. And the third SPARTAN III was rose coloring; purple outlines defining its shoulders, and it carried a sniper rifle. All three removed their helmets, revealing the first two to be male and the final to be female. The red-and-grey SPARTAN walked up to Lloyd, his scarred face making him at age 22; one of the original SPARTAN IIIs; one of the survivors. He held out his hand for Lloyd to shake, and he did.

"Well _done_, SPARTAN 0867, you performed _marvelously _for one so young."

"Yes sir, thank you sir!" Lloyd said, coming to a shaky attention before his obvious superior, surprised by this turn of events.

"No need for formalities here, Lloyd. Call me Hawken. And this," Hawken motioned to the other two SPARTANS, "Is King and Bushbaby."

"Bushbabyâ€|sir?" questioned Lloyd nervously.

Hawken and King laughed. "Well, she sneaks around trees and loves fighting in the dark, besides, she's a real cutie," smirked Hawken.

'Bushbaby' rolled her eyes and shot Hawken in the back of the knee, freezing the joint in a painful position. Hawken swore and cut off the 'stone' savagely with his knife.

"Call me Mel off the battlefield please!" Mel said, contempt obvious in her voice for the call name; 'Bushbaby'.

"Well," King said, grinning down at Lloyd. "Do you know why you're here?"

"No sir."

"No need for formalities, SPARTAN, we're all the same rank in this facility, except for Hawken of course because apparently ONI needs someone to run this place who isn't a dickhead. Well, he's running it!"

Hawken punched King, making them both laugh at the feeble effort.

"But I think they screwed up on the dickhead part!" roared King. "Anyways, you are now part of a complex, elite fighting force arranged in two-man teams sent behind enemy lines to wreck havoc and destruction. You are not expected to survive in your line of work, but you will do it none the less, SPARTAN! You came here with four others; all got similar initiations. You were the best so far, however, surviving longer than any of the others."

Lloyd had unconsciously walked to the middle of the room, as King kept speaking, Hawken and Mel accompanying him.

"Lloyd!" Hawken beamed. "Welcome to Project Headhunter!"

And with that, Lloyd noticed many more SPARTANs around the room, uncloaking from where they had previously been unseen. A giant cheer went up from the SPARTAN III's, and Lloyd grinned.

'_This turned out amazing after all_', he thought, standing among his fellow SPARTANs as a proud member of this exclusive program.

_'I am a SPARTAN. I am a __**Headhunter**__!_'

* * *

><p>So how was it? Let me know please! I'm still new to the SPARTAN III program so any info you guys have to make this story more true to the real story line is appreciated! Remember, I'm always happy to redo a chapter, but you have to let me know!
^_^

**Any ideas for Lloyd's call name btw? :D*_
>

2. Chapter 2

Hi guys. Here's my second chapter, thanks for so many views on the very first day! Remember to review and subscribe (please)!_

>

* * *

><p>CHAPTER 2 - KYRIAMADI CAVERNS

1912 â€" July 10, 2541

Kyriamadi Caverns, Onyx

SPARTAN 0867 (Lloyd)

"Here's where you'll be bunking when not training this year or on missions. So, this will be a rare opportunity for you to stay here after this year; ONI'll keep's us busy. These are your squad mates; better get to know them if you want to survive training."

Lloyd nodded, not knowing what to say, and Hawken left.

Lloyd had followed Hawken to his new quarters after his 'initiation'. It turns out, the corridors he had been walking down before had only been a rare part of the Headhunter 'barracks'; they were actually integrated into a complex network of caves, scattered across the front side of Onyx, the part which no one inhabited. Those corridors were actually the command center for the Headhunter program, where they planned missions and received orders from ONI; they called these Kyriamadi Caverns. The places where they slept were scattered far and wide throughout the tunnel network, with each new group that came in getting their own little 'block'. They were called this because after walking forever through rock caves tunnels, you came to artificial rock and a door opening into a box-shaped bunker containing electricity, bunks, and weapons and armor racks. It had become a game between close Headhunters to find others' blocks.

Turns out, the caves also had multiple entrances, if you knew where to look, and Lloyd had been shown some on his way to his block. They were cleverly disguised, and only a Headhunter could find one. He examined his squad mates now, arranged on four of the bunks; two on the top two on the bottom. Lloyd nodded to them, and headed over to the last bunk, claiming the bottom. On the bed there was his old training armor, and a note next to them, from ONI.

SPARTAN 0867

Welcome to the prestigious Headhunter Program, you graduated SPARTAN III training/deployment Camp Currahee with flying colors, and were sent here. Here you will receive your armor, advanced SPI variant; it should be near your bed.

We expect your best, and only your best. The next year will be intensive special training; enjoy it while you can.

ONI

Lloyd looked around the bunk earnestly, not finding his armor. He angrily slammed a fist against the wall. One of his squad mates slid down from her bunk and landed on the ground next to him. She held out her hand, and Lloyd shook it.

"SPARTAN 0849," she said.

"She likes to be called Oracle though," a boy said, sitting up from the bottom bunk of the same bed Oracle had jumped off. "I'm SPARTAN 0850, same training regiment as Oracle. My friends call me Scalpel."

Lloyd nodded to him and examined them both. They were both muscular, and wore the same black jumpsuit as Lloyd had been given. Their SPARTAN numbers were on the front, and they both wore knives on their hips. Oracle was a little smaller than Lloyd, and had short, auburn hair that hung down to her chin. Scalpel was about the same height as Lloyd, but had a black buzz cut instead of Lloyd's blond. Lloyd pointed at Oracle.

"How come you got the keep your hair?"

She grinned at him. "'Cause we're expendable."

Lloyd looked around the room, and saw a weapons and armor rack. There were six of every weapon there, and plenty of ammo; the shredder, standard, and short(silenced) rounds all being present. The weapons rack was very impressive, taking up one of the four walls, the armor rack being on the opposite wall, bunks being along one and a half, and the door being on the last part available. Lloyd also saw plenty of silencers in a box next to the weapons, and cleaning tools.

Among the weapons were the MA5K and MA5B assault rifles; BR55 and DMR precision rifles; SRS99 sniper; M45 TS shotgun; M6G Magnum, and the SMG. Lloyd had never seen such a big armory in such a small place.

It was a beautiful sight.

"What's with all the weapons?" Lloyd asked.

"Well, we choose our weapons for missions, grab our armor and go really; cut out the middleman," Scalpel responded.

Lloyd then looked over to the armor rack, and saw six pairs of armor. There was two pairs of each design; two were green, two were green with black highlights, and two were black with green highlights; the standard stealth designs for ONI.

"Which one's mine?" Lloyd asked.

"We already called the green armor, and Element and Paeon called the green and black," Oracle said, gesturing to the other two SPARTANS. "You can have the black and green."

"Why's there six pairs of everything if there's only-" Lloyd began, being interrupted by the intercom.

'_TRAINING SPARTANS DECK OUT AND COME TO THE COMMAND ROOM IMMEDIATELY'_

While his other squad mates rushed for their armor, Lloyd grabbed just his helmet and a DMR, pistol already strapped on his hip, and rushed out the door. Lloyd put his helmet on, and enjoyed the brief moment of pleasure of having his very own real helmet. The HUD led

him to the Command Room, where Hawken, Mel, and King were waiting for him.

"Where are your squad mates?" King asked quizzically.

"Still getting their armor on, sir," Lloyd responded.

"Ah, here they are now," Hawken said, ignoring Lloyd as the others ran up. They came to attention, and Lloyd looked at them quizzically before joining them. Didn't they know there were no ranks here?

"Sir!"

Hawken started pacing along the front of them. "SPARTANs, when I say deck out and report to the Command Room _immediately,_ does that mean after you've gotten your armor on?"

There was a nervous shuffling of feet but no answer.

"You were all right, getting your armor on, but if you don't have it already on when that message comes over the speaker, it isn't worth getting on anyways. Never take your armor off except to sleep or clean SPARTANs; is that clear!"

"Sir, yes sir!"

"Alright then, go to the mess hall and get your dinner. You all have a _very _early start tomorrow..."

"Sir, yes sir!"

"Dismissed!"

As Lloyd's squad was walking away, Hawken called him back.

"Lloyd, can I see you for a second." It wasn't a question, it was a statement.

"Sir."

"I told you not to call me that Lloyd; we're all the same rank here."

"But the others-"

"The others are fools right now," Hawken said, his helmetless head breaking into a grin alongside Mel and King's. "They'll figure it out soon enough when they meet the others in the mess hall."

"You wanted to talk to me about something, Hawken?" Lloyd smiled. He could get used to calling the other SPARTANs by their call names.

Hawken grinned. "So I did. Every new squad that comes in chooses a 'commander' for their squad that year; then they split into three two-man teams and all authority is lost."

Lloyd didn't show his emotions, but he guessed where this was going.

"So, I'm making Scalpel the commander," Hawken said, looking for any signs of emotion in Lloyd.

"Fine."

"You're not surprised?"

"If you think he can lead the squad better for this year, then fine."

"How would you run the squad for this year?" questioned Hawken.

"I would watch how they performed as a squad for a month, then I'd split them up into two-man pairs, and keep rotating them every month, unless they seemed to be a perfect pair. Then we'd graduate."

King grinned. "Told you he would be the best choice."

Mel walked up to Lloyd. "Lloyd, thank you. We just wanted to make sure you would be a good 'commander' to help them all graduate."

Lloyd was stunned.

Hawken walked up and gave him a slip of paper. "See the designer tomorrow to get your insignia painted on your armor."

Lloyd grinned. "Anything else?" he asked eagerly.

"Yes," Hawken said. "We've actually decided to make you co-commander of your squad."

* * *

><p>So how was it? Let me know please! I'm still new to the SPARTAN III program so any info you guys have to make this story more true to the real story line is appreciated! Remember, I'm always happy to redo a chapter, but you have to let me know!
^_^

****This chapter is dedicated to my first reviewer; OhSoDeadly****

****Any ideas for Lloyd's call name btw? I'm thinking Finesse, but I'm sure you guys have better ones! :D****

3. Chapter 3

****Hi guys. Here's my third chapter; i made this one extra-long because i figured you all would want it, so enjoy! As always, Remember to review and/or subscribe (please)! Always helps to know people are reading it.**_**
>

* * *

><p>CHAPTER 3 â€" TRAINING BEGINS

****2139 â€" July 10, 2541****

****Kyriamadi Caverns, Onyx****

****SPARTAN 0867 (Lloyd)****

As soon as Lloyd sat down in the mess hall, his squad mates pestered him to what had happened. Lloyd said nothing; Hawken had stated that there would be an announcement during breakfast. Lloyd took this chance to learn more about his fellow squad mates, wanting to know anything that would help him with the pairings.

Oracle was pretty good with her knife, but her real specialty was the precision rifles; she had gotten her call name for her uncanny skill in leading her targets, and predicting where they would move next; this is what gave her the nickname, Oracle. She never missed twice.

Scalpel, on the other hand, was an expert with the knife, and said he preferred a silenced SMG to any other gun. Lloyd guessed he was a great assassin already. Once, he had used his combat knife in a training accident to slice a piece of shrapnel out of a fellow trainee's back; saving his life. After this, everyone had called him Scalpel; for his deadly precision and competence with the knife.

One of the SPARTANs that Lloyd hadn't met yet was a girl, and the shortest among them. She had teal hair and a knack for sharpshooting. Her preferred weapon was the sniper, and she showed them a gift from a SPARTAN III veteran during training; an energy sword. She had spent more time on this weapon than anything else, and she was a master. The energy crackling around her sword had earned her the nickname Element.

Paeon was the twin of Element, Lloyd learned, and had hair red as blood. He preferred the shotgun to his twin's sniper, and forsook the typical SPARTAN combat knife; wielding another gift from a SPARTAN III veteran; two elite energy knives, attached at the wrists. He had a certain bloodlust about him, and Lloyd heard from the others that he had sliced parts off simulation elites little-by little, delighting in their screams, recorded from the battlefield. He was probably the most dangerous and out-of-control among them, Lloyd guessed.

Oracle leaned leaning forward across the table in the crowded mess hall. There was only a total of 16 SPARTANs on base right now, including 'trainees'; five teams of two with the five trainees to become 4 more. Word had it there were 5 more teams on the battlefield right now, but other Headhunters were never told of others' missions in case of capture. Hawken had lost his battle partner in enemy territory, and had become a permanent resident of the base until another SPARTAN was ready, helping to train the new Headhunter 'recruits'. This number of Headhunters in one place had become the maximum of the war so far, and some deep in ONI claimed it was growing rapidly with the abduction of better candidates for their SPARTAN III Program. Some believed otherwise, that the casualty rate was too great and the missions too few and unimportant. It was a much-debated subject.

"But we still know nothing about you so far, 'Lloyd'. By the way, don't you have a call name?"

Lloyd shrugged. "Nope. Anyways, I was born on Reach, and taken at age 5. I had intensive training as part of the 4th Gamma Training Group, and was to be placed inside Gamma Company. Taken here in the middle of the night-"

"Aren't we all?" Element said, laughing, and there was a brief moment of unison between the squad members as they remembered how they had gotten here.

"Anyways, I was then part of the initiation fight, and had my training armor ceremoniously chopped off meâ€¦I think. Either that or it was just fun for them."

"Probably both," grinned Scalpel.

"Probably," Lloyd agreed.

"Well, you need a call name. We only get to keep your birth name until training is over, and it technically was for us, so you need one," rationalized Element.

"Any ideas?"

"No. Favorite weapons?"

"None in particular. I'll use anything anyone gives to me; a gun, a knife, a tree branch, anything. I'm not picky."

Element grinned. "I'm calling you Finesse."

"What? No!" Lloyd complained. "That sounds stupid!"

Element shrugged, and the others grinned. "Unless you can come up with a better name, that's your call name for now."

"Come on guys."

"Think of a better one then."

"Really?"

"Ya."

"Hey, I've got one," Oracle commented. "Lethe. It means to purge in Greek, and it would be a fitting name for a Headhunter; to purge us of our enemies." She looked at Lloyd. "I expect great things from you; we all do. The other SPARTANS told us about you before you came in, about the time you fought your way out of a Covenant camp last time they breached Onyx's defenses and-"

"Enough," Lloyd said. He didn't want to discuss his past achievements.

Oracle shrugged. "No matter what you think, the things that you've been through have already made you the most competent among us."

"I agree, and the name suits you," Scalpel commented, and Element reluctantly nodded.

"It's decided then."

Lloyd (or Lethe, as it was now) looked down, blushing from the compliment, and noticed cracks in the ground around all of their feet. He bent down to get a closer look.

"What is it?" Paeon asked curiously. "You see something?"

"I don't know; it looks like some sort of openi-" Lethe began.

Suddenly the floor swung open and the five squad mates fell down, and each slid into a separate room. Lethe looked cautiously around the dark room. Walls surrounded him on all sides with no way out, and high above him he saw the grinning faces of the other Headhunters. Obviously this was some sort of training. A voice boomed out from the speakers.

_"TRAINING SESSION 6354, TRAINING SQUAD __**PHI**__ ON THE FLOOR. MISSION; SURVIVE AGAINST EVERYONE ELSE. TTR ROUNDS ONLY SPARTANS, LOOK BEHIND YOU AND BEGIN."_

Lethe spun around and saw both a table emerging from the floor and a wall sliding down to reveal the entrance to a maze. Lethe grabbed the TTR mags and dropped his live rounds for his pistol and DMR, and checked his options. Despite Hawken's urging to wear their armor at all times, he had failed to return to their 'block' and retrieve his. All he had was his helmet, and he put it on now, reliving the surge of adrenaline as he remembered that it was his now.

_'Well soon see just how competent I really am, won't weâ€|' _

He heard gun shots in the path outside his box he had been dropped into, and he loaded his pistol and DMR. He heard footsteps and a muffled thump as someone approached and stopped a short ways from the opening of Lethe's box. He checked his HUD motion tracker, and saw someone 15 feet from the opening, waiting for him, and another person frozen inside an encasing of TTR rounds.

Lethe considered his options, and his eyes alighted on the table. He grabbed it, and turned it on its side, the legs balancing it on the hard floor. He grabbed his pistol from his belt, and slung his DMR over his shoulder, taking a deep breath.

The SPARTAN in the hall outside started firing immediately as soon as something shot out of the doorway, but realized, altogether too late, that it was only a table. It was Paeon, and as he spun back towards the doorway, he was shot point-blank in the back of his helmet, sending him sprawling on the ground; sister similarly defeated behind him. Lethe shot them both in the joints with their own guns a couple times just to make sure they wouldn't be causing any problems, and carried on.

'Two down, another two to go.'

Lethe heard gun shots, and ran around a couple more corners until he came to the frozen body of Scalpel. A quick shot to the knee to make sure he was unconscious convinced Lethe that he was down, and he moved on until he came to a door that was boarded up with the table; the only way in was blocked, and the small portion that the table didn't cover at the bottom had the long-nosed barrel of what Lethe

realized was the Battle Rifle poking out.

Lethe barely had time to move before a barrage of TTR came at him, and realized just in time that Oracle liked to _lead_ her targets before killing them, and hit the floor, hearing TTR rounds painting the wall purple behind him. As soon as Oracle's three-burst round of TTR had erupted over his head, Lethe dashed for the wall next to Oracle's door. The only way she could get him was to climb out and unblock the door; and she wasn't willing to do that, obviously.

Lloyd looked above him, at the thoughtful faces of the Headhunters, and looked at the top of the wall above him. It was uncovered.

Lethe holstered his pistol to his hip, and ran around to the back of Oracle's box. The wall here was 10 feet tall, and the hardest to climb with no handholds. There was no easy way to get up.

Lethe didn't care about easy though, he just had to win. He stuck the tip of his DMR into the ground, pounding the sharp, serrated tip through the concrete with his foot, and stood on top. Now the edge was within easy reach, and Lethe jumped over, drawing his pistol and firing at an amazed Oracle, who had been in the middle of moving the table in the doorway to use as a portable shield. She didn't predict _that_, obviously.

It was quickly over, and Lethe stood on top of his section of wall, grinning and holding a fist up to the cheering Headhunters, who were applauding him loudly enough for the sound to breach the bullet-proof glass. Nobody had ever thought of doing _that_ _before.

Lethe waited for the announcement to come over the intercom that he had won, but none was forthcoming. He was just about to jump down and ask Oracle through his helmet radio what had happened, their mouths were never frozen, when he felt a stabbing pain in his shoulder. He looked over to see a splotch of purple TTR encasing the entirety of his arm and the right part of his neck. Someone had survived enough to pull a trigger, but to get a shot like _that_ on him must mean they were on his level tooâ€|

Lethe scanned the top of the maze as another TTR round hit his left knee, and he fell. Yet again, another round hit him mid-fall, smack in the chest this time, and he was flung backwards against a wall. The last thing he saw was a shadowy figure jumping down from a nearby roof to check his pulse and see whether he was down. The black surface of its helmet shone like the gloom of oncoming night, and Lethe caught a glance of a flame etched in forest green paint weaving up the entirety of its left arm and engulfing a white crescent moon on the shoulder pad, a red knife painted underneath it.

"Whoâ€|Are you?" Lethe asked as unconsciousness threatened to overtake him.

"SPARTAN 0868 ONI Headhunter; Just like you."

"Impossible..." Lethe managed to say, holding on to reality.

"Why's that?"

"SPARTAN 0868 died on Onyx nearly four years ago."

* * *

><p>So how was it? Let me know please! I made their Training Squad name PHI because i figured Alpha, Beta, Gamma, Epsilon -awesome as they may be - are altogether overused. So, i made the training squads count BACKWARDS in Greek, Omega being the first ect. Just an idea. **I'm still new to the SPARTAN III program so any info you guys have to make this story more true to the real story line is appreciated! Remember, I'm always happy to redo a chapter, but you have to let me know! ^_^^**

This chapter is dedicated to my second reviewer, and the person who gave me all the weapon names/types for LAST chapter -UNSC Spirit of Fire!

4. Chapter 4

****Hi guys. Here's my fourth chapter; enjoy! As always, Remember to review and/or subscribe (please)! Always helps to know people are reading it.****_
>

* * *

><p>CHAPTER 4 â€" Dagger

0449 â€" July 11, 2541

Kyriamadi Caverns, Onyx

SPARTANs 0867 (Lethe)

Lethe woke up in the medical ward, surrounded by his squad mates. His armor lay next to his bed, still coated in TTR, and his shoulder was in a cast.

'_Damnâ€|'_

Lethe heard someone coming and closed his eyes again, pretending to be asleep. It was King and Mel.

"What does this meanâ€|?"

"I don't know. We never knew in the first place; but how did she get here?"

"I don't know. Hawken said that she showed up with a Headhunter team redirected straight from ONI to escort her hereâ€|"

"I don't like this, King. First the UNSC tries to mess with ONI, the SPARTAN II Program and such, and now _this_? Does ONI _really_ _think_ this might work?"

"I don't know, but the war's changing. New weapons are being invented every day, new strategies; the world's changing, Mel, and we're just trying to keep up."

"Yaâ€|But stillâ€|"

"Look, if ONI is willing to pull one of them out of hibernation, then we must be in some sort of trouble."

"You think something's about to happen?"

"I think that the Covenant have held the offensive for far too long; ONI won't stand for this much longer. It's gonna be either kill or be killed, and we're gonna be in the thick of it."

"And you're willing to let the Headhunters be sent to the front lines? You know better than anyone that's not what we do! Let the other SPARTAN III's take care of it, that's what they're for anyways. Send Alpha Company to deal with it."

"Mel, there is no more Alpha Company; they were destroyed in Operation PROMETHEUS."

"Did someone tell Hawken yet?"

"He already knows."

"So he's the last thenâ€|"

"Except for those in this 'Noble Team' we keep hearing of."

"Damn."

"Ya."

"Wellâ€|We'd better let them sleep. We'll tell the others at breakfast. We'll send someone to wake them up later."

"Let's go."

As they left, Lethe thought about what they had been talking about. Sleep threatened to overtake him again, and he gave in, deciding to worry about it in the morning.

* * *

><p>"Get up!" Hawken said to the squad, walking in brandishing a fork savagely. "Breakfast is in an hour; better have your armor ready in case you need it again, huh?"<p>

Groaning, Lethe and the others dragged their armor onto the bed and pulled their knives, slicing the hard TTR off bit by bit. Lethe was the fastest, because he only had to clean his helmet, which only had a little on it, but the others took forever. Lethe cut the cast open on his shoulder, and found it perfectly solid and whole. Whatever the medic had done to it, it had worked.

"Better get your armor from the block, Lethe," said Oracle, nodding to the door as she broke a particularly large piece of TTR off of her helmet, scratching the surface and swearing. Lethe nodded ran out the door, not wanting to miss both breakfast and whatever King and Mel were going to announce.

When he got to the block, he strapped his armor on quickly, marveling

at the smooth, flawless surface of unused armor. The black paint seemed to absorb light instead of deflect it, and Lethe guessed it would mess with the enemies with motion trackers too. The green outlines gave it a camouflaging property unachieved in conventional UNSC armor, and gave the impression of moonlight streaming through the forest shadows.

"Hey there."

Lethe spun around, seeing a fellow Headhunter leaning against the doorway. His snow-colored armor betrayed the nature of his last mission to have occurred somewhere snowy. "Hey."

"Name's Sinead," he said, pointing at Lethe's right shoulder with a paintbrush. "I'm here to do your armor."

"Oh, okâ€|Go aheadâ€|" Lethe said, sitting back down as Sinead set a couple jars of armor paint next to him. He'll be a little late for breakfast, but it'll be worth it.

"This will just take a secondâ€|"

* * *

><p>The other Headhunters were talking among themselves over their breakfast that morning about the training bout last night. It had been too dark to see when the lights underneath were shut off, but the whole underside of the mess hall was made of glass that overlooked the maze; and with the tops cut off the buildings and walls, there was no place they could not see.<p>

The real discussion was about the shadowy figure that had come out of nowhere, cutting Lethe down in his hour of glory. It hadn't come with the new training squad, nor had any reports of a new acceptance been filed. The markings on its armor had betrayed it as the new commander of the training squad, and it now sat with the others in the training squad; a cold silence between them. Scalpel, Oracle, Element, and Paean sat on one side, helmets off like every other Headhunter, but the new 'commander' sat opposite them keeping his helmet on. The squad wasn't happy with this new arrangement; they had all expected Lethe to become the leader.

Conversation died down as a figure appeared in the doorway, clad in the same shadow-black armor that the other was wearing. The black surface of its helmet shone like the gloom of oncoming night, and the surprised Headhunters saw a glance of a flame etched in forest green paint weaving up the entirety of its left arm and engulfing a white crescent moon on the shoulder pad, a blue knife painted underneath it. The figure removed its helmet to reveal the grinning face of Lethe, and the Headhunters started cheering. The cheering increased as Lethe swung his head, revealing the other side to be tattooed with intricate flowing flames in black and white; a green maple leaf in the center.

This was the work of Sinead.

As Lethe walked towards his table, all the Headhunters gave him punches on the shoulder or friendly shoves, congratulating him on both his performance last night and achieving the training rank that he did. He eventually made it to his table, though, and looked at the

grinning faces of his squad.

"It appears they made me your commander."

They cheered, with the exception of the new Headhunter, and Lethe turned to him.

"If you're going to be in this squad, we keep no secrets from each other; take off your helmet and tell us about yourself," Lethe said to him, frowning.

With reluctance, he stood up and started speaking. "SPARTAN 0868 ONI Headhunter, just like you guys."

"Weapons specialties?"

"Suppressed machine gun and pistol, but I'll fight with anything."

"From?"

"Earth I think."

"Training?"

"Seven years of intensive training at ONI Headquarters on Reach."

"What?" Oracle exclaimed, breaking in. "No SPARTAN has ever been trained on Reach, let alone at ONI HQ!"

"Had a run-in with something special early on?" Paeon questioned, fingering his knife. "ONI thinks you're special?"

"Shut it Paean," Lethe said. "He's here to join the team, so I would like the same respect for him as you have for each other," Lethe said punching Paean and glaring at the rest.

Despite their distrust of the 'newbie' and his training with ONI, their respect for Lethe won over and they stopped harassing the 'newbie'.

"You have a call name?" Oracle asked.

"Yea" the 'newbie' said, pulling off his, or rather her, helmet. Chin-length white hair flowed out over her face, and bright blue eyes shone like stars. Lethe thought he saw a rush of digital calculations before she looked away, but the moment had been there. Either she had an eye piece outside of her helmet, or

"They call me Dagger, or Dagny," the girl said.

"Why do they call you that?" Scalpel said haughtily. It had been the undenied truth that he was the blade master here, now someone seemed to be challenging him.

Dagger rolled her eyes. "Let's compare knives then; you first."

"There's nothing to compare" Scalpel muttered, pulling out his

standard-issue combat knife. "Your turn."

Dagger drew her knife, which wasn't standard-issue at ALL; a kukri. Then she removed two long throwing knives from underneath her armor sleeves, and pulled a small one hidden in the back of her helmet.

"That'sâ€¦" Scalpel started to protest, even though she had more knives than him. He stopped when knives popped out of her knuckle bones.

"That's why," she said to the stunned SPARTANS.

"How did you do that?" Element said, surprised.

"ONI drilled through my knuckles and implanted metal sockets which I can attacks spikes, knives, and just punch with."

"That's pretty cool," Paeon said, voicing all of their opinions.

Lethe stood up. "I would like to introduce your new co-commander; Dagger!"

* * *

><p>So how was it? Let me know please! **I'm still new to the SPARTAN III program so any info you guys have to make this story more true to the real story line is appreciated! Remember, I'm always happy to redo a chapter, but you have to let me know!
^_***

This chapter is dedicated to my third reviewer -Greek Military Percy Jackson!

5. Chapter 5

Hi guys, sorry for the long wait. I had no idea where to go with this storyline, but I shall be writing in conjunction with my friend **UNSC Spirit of Fire and his amazing Halo storyline as well, so check that out to see where this is going. I shall be writing from the Headhunter's point of view (of course), but it will still be good to check out the other points of view.**

**So, without further ado, it is with great delight that I present you with Chapter 5 of **Halo: Headhunters!

* * *

><p>CHAPTER 5 â€" Airflow

0010 â€" January 21, 2544

Unknown location

SPARTANS 0867 (Lethe)

Lethe frowned in concentration as the back door of the Pelican drop ship he was flying in opened. He hoisted his suppressed SMG and

checked to make sure the safety was off and the TTR rounds loaded correctly.

He would need every round he had for this mission.

Three years had passed quickly, with each of his squad mates growing in agility and cunning, skill and strategy, stealth and killing technique. Now, he and the rest of the 'new' headhunters were tasked by ONI to run a "raid" on a SPARTAN III outpost. Unusual, as missions go, but it should be fun, no matter what happened.

"Drop on my mark!" the co-pilot called from the cockpit door, gesturing towards the sides of the drop ship. Lethe nodded a confirmation at him, and stood, checking his armor one last time, and adjusting the ammo belt he wore. Glancing beside him, he saw Element and Paen doing the same, and he nodded at them, knowing full well how excited they were to be on a mission again; despite the no-kill order having been put in effect.

"Let's go, ladies!" the co-pilot called, circling his finger in an order to hurry. Element and Paen rushed over to the sides and grabbed a hook each, their armored hands bending the steel slightly in their excitement. Lethe smirked at them from beneath his helmet and walked to the middle of the ramp, holding on to the overhead rail as he did, bracing himself against the airflow which somehow found its way into the open compartment. He looked back at the co-pilot and gave the thumbs up, getting the nod in return.

"Ok, ladies, this is it. Go, go, go!"

Element and Paen instantly relinquished their grip on the Pelican, disappearing from sight in a matter of seconds as the drop ship sped away. Lethe gave them approximately half a second before he followed them, baring his teeth in exhilaration as he fell freely through the air towards the forest canopy below. ONI had provided them with jetpacks for this, but they lay untouched at home base, their recipients already two-thirds of the way to the ground and seemingly without hope of survival.

Below him, Lethe saw Element and Paen reach the canopy, grabbing hold of the sturdy trunk of the tree as their armored hands dug into the tough wood, slowing their descent, and eventually bringing them to a halt. Lethe followed their example, wood on his tree creaking beneath his armor's weight, and he crashed into a branch, splintering it as he finally came to a halt. He looked around the gloom created by the ancient forest canopy, and switched to night-vision briefly, scanning the forest floor. None of them moved as the sound of the pelican faded into the distance, scanning the ground for any sign of interception or recognition of their arrival in this strange place. Their SPI armor bent light around their bodies while activated, as they were now, but moving suddenly or quickly would expose them to a naked eye.

All was silent.

After a long wait, Lethe flashed his two first fingers, double-tapping towards the ground, and the three of them began their descent. The climbing spikes on their suits' gauntlets and boots helped immensely, the sharpened points driving quietly and surely into the tough wood of the ancient trees, an occasional creak now and

then seemingly signifying no more than the creak of trees settling in a forest.

As they reached the ground, Lethe turned off his night-vision, and dropped the last ten feet to land smoothly on the ground. He heard the rustle of Paen and Element dropping into the low foliage alongside him, and he turned to them, signaling the use of helmet comms.

"Life?" he breathed, a simple, observatory question.

"None," Element replied, and Paen nodded in agreement. Standard infiltration protocol was in effect, as always on a mission, and their conversation was limited to essential communication only.

"Tech?" Lethe said, quietly motioning towards their weaponry. Each of them briefly checked their weapons' functionality, and nodded at him, holstering them again as they did so.

Lethe switched off his helmet comm, acknowledging the others briefly as he did so. Resting his suppressed rifle in the crook of his arm, he lead the way through the forest. After about twenty minutes of walking, almost half the distance, Lethe guessed, he dropped silently to the forest floor, feeling the soft vibrations as the others copied his lead. It was an observation post, one of the outer defenses, and it would be the first target to go, as far as their mission was concerned. A lone SPARTAN III manned the post, his sniper rifle slung across his back as he looked out into the forest, eyes spent from a long night of guard duty.

Lethe turned to Element, his hand in the shape of a gun, thumb up, pointer extended, and shook it twice. Two shots. One target.

Element nodded in confirmation and quietly braced her sniper rifle against the trunk of a tree, the immobilizing TTR rounds already loaded. The muzzle flashed, and the SPARTAN crumpled, chest pinned to the tree trunk extending through the platform behind him. Element fired again, and suddenly the soldier's legs were encased in a purple, rocky substance: TTR. Element gazed through her scope for a moment, confirming her 'kill', and nodded to Lethe, moving away from him as they stood up, continuing their infiltration.

Another 10 minutes passed, and they saw the floodlights of the outpost illuminating the forest in front of them. Lethe turned to the other two and spread his fingers, gesturing towards the right of the outpost, and they nodded in confirmation, splitting off and melting into the night. Lethe turned to the tree nearest to him, and keeping in the shadow provided by the floodlights, proceeded twenty feet up the tree, to a fairly-concealed branch as he waited the next stage of the op.

The two teams of three would now split up into the regulation teams of two, encasing the outpost in a triangle formation, and would then proceed to enter the compound, 'killing' as many SPARTANS as was possible. After taking the beacon which ONI had smuggled in two days before, they would retreat to the forest and be picked up by the pelican which had delivered them.

As Lethe pulled up a holographic map of the compound on his HUD,

studying the layout despite already knowing every nook and cranny of the place from weeks of preparation, he reflected on ONI's strange sense of training. It seemed almost cruel to unleash the full might of the headhunter organization upon the unsuspecting SPARTAN III outpost, but ONI wanted them to gain some experience, and keep them on their toes. That said, they were the ones with real ammo, versus the headhunter's TTR rounds, and would inflict serious injuries if hit.

Lethe looked down as a tracer appeared directly below him, indicating that his teammate had arrived. He activated his tracer in response, before they both shut theirs off. It would be a dead giveaway if a SPARTAN III just happened to catch them on his, or her, HUD while patrolling. Despite being set to a specified range of individuals, there was always the possibility of a bug.

He dropped to the ground, landing like a whisper despite his heavy armor, and looked around at his partner. Dagger was resplendent in her battle-weary black armor, transparent as always when SPI armor was activated, but she nodded at him, about as friendly as it could ever get on a stealth mission.

Well, as friendly as it could get before all hell broke loose and he had authorized full channel communication, which would probably happen before the end of the night.

"Report?" Lethe breathed, glancing at his HUD. 0044. One minute until assault.

"Silent," Dagger responded, checking her weapons one last time. Lethe followed her example, more out of habit than any real need to check his weapon; he had just finished a minute ago.

"Go," Lethe breathed, watching as the minute turned. He and Dagger sprinted towards the base, covering the open ground in a matter of seconds. He heard alarms go off, in different parts of the camp as well as theirs, and he dropped to one knee, dropping the few heads which protruded over the battlements, Dagger already felling the guards at the entrance. Looking around, having cleared the area, they took the time to reload, covering one another as they did so. A dull explosion rocked the base, and he heard Paen laughing into his ear.

"Report, Paen," Lethe said, sprinting through the base, Dagger at his back. "What just happened?"

"Oh, good, authorization," Paen snickered. "Well, some greenhorn tried firing a tank against us, but he accidentally clipped his buddy and now they're both-"

"No casualties, Paen," Lethe reminded him sternly, vaulting over a SPARTAN who had just appeared with a flamethrower and kneeling him in the head, shooting his joints in quick succession as he went down. "Where are you guys, anyway? Head to the central compound."

"Haha, on our way!"

"Oracle and Scalpel are nearing the center compound," Dagger informed him dispassionately, slamming a soldier into the wall, laden with TTR wounds. "We should hurry."

"Roger."

Lethe and Dagger reached the opening for the central compound, stopping as they beheld the chaos raging around them. Oracle and Scalpel were surrounded by a small group of fighters intent on stopping them, and Paen seemed to be pushing a tank into the compound from another route, Element using it as cover as she took SPARTAN after SPARTAN down. A lone soldier charged at Lethe, who pummeled the stock into his chest, fracturing the armor, and kneeed the upside of the man's jaw, shattering the helmet's visor. He looked into the dark gleam of Lethe's visor, stammering incoherently.

"Whaâ€|Whyâ€|Wh-Who are youâ€|?" He asked, terrified.

"Phantoms," Lethe responded, elbowing him ten feet away and shooting him mercilessly in the joints.

"That's thirteen for me, Lethe," Dagger said as she sprinted by behind him, heading towards another cluster of helpless SPARTANs and tossing one of their immobilized comrades into their midst, wreaking havoc. Across the compound, Paen had ripped the cannon off of the tank and was using it as a baseball bat, and Oracle had created a defensive wall out of the bodies of the fallen. Lethe beamed around the compound ecstatically, hoisting his own weapon.

"Ha! Wait for me!"

* * *

><p>"Ahhâ€|That was funâ€|" Element sighed, taking off her helmet once safely back inside the pelican, her teal hair ruffled and imprinted from helmet-hair. Beaming around at them, she winked and gave the thumbs-up. "Good-job team!"<p>

"You did good," Scalpel said, fist-bumping Oracle.

"Attention, ladies!" King said, appearing on the holoscreen.

"Yeah, yeah, you're welcome," Paen offered, his mocking tone a typical heartfelt greeting to those he felt close to.

"You did good, all of you," King nodded, acknowledging them. "But, now that the 'mission' is over, it's time for the real briefing, and the reason why ONI had you out here in the first place. This floating hunk of rock that you guys just got off of is near the system Scion 4; a Covenant-controlled world."

Lethe's eyes narrowed. "Mass-infiltration?"

King shook his head, and locked eyes with Dagger, who stared back defiantly. "It's a standard recon op of a dead ONI sloop; nothing taxing."

"Recon, huhâ€|" Oracle said, crossing her arms. "King, I want all the data on the hull, damage, systems, occupants, and anything else notable you can dig up."

"Already on its way, it should be on your HUD, kid."

Oracle nodded, slipping on her helmet. "Brief us," Lethe said, leaning forward, knowing that Oracle will give her own takes after she had finished analyzing the data.

"As I said, standard op. Four breaches in the hull, here, here, here, and _here_," King said, punctuating each word by highlighting the pull-up bisection of the ship on the screen. "Two headhunters to each entrance, meet in the center and pull out through the upper breach, where the pelican will be on standby. That is all."

"Anything objectives, something to look for?" Element asked, eyes narrowing. "It's too vague."

"Nothing that we know of," King trailed off, staring at Dagger again with a near-accusatory glance.

Lethe cleared his throat, walking over to the ammo dispenser and beginning to reload his clips. "Alright, we have everything that we're going to be told by ONI; let's prep. How much time do we have, King?"

"4 hours until you reach the sloop, after that, take as long as you want, it's dead in space: it's not going anywhere."

"Thanks, King. See you when we come home."

"_Be careful_"

"So now ONI's using us like janitors, huh?" Paen muttered darkly, stowing his TTR round shells and inspecting a long supply of military-grade replacements. "How low can they go?"

"Careful what you say, Paen," Element warned, cleaning her sniper rifle's barrel of grime after already switching her ammo. "Ears everywhere, y'know?"

Lethe cleared his throat, immediately ending all talk about ONI. The headhunters worked diligently, cleaning and prepping their weapons for the worst case scenario, but Lethe saw the raw uneasiness pass from one to the other as their eyes met. They had all known that ONI didn't just ask elite troops to run a training op, but to have their real reason be the recon of a ship dead in space for who knows how long, and no mention of survivor rescue, was unorthodox, even for ONI.

"Pilot!" Lethe called, his gear prepped, and his suit's meager supply of oxygen filled for the short space-walk which they would have to do. "Time!"

"We should reach the ONI sloop in one hour, kid."

"Good. I assume you heard the plan?"

"Got it memorized."

"Good. Any worries?"

"Not a one," the pilot replied, his eyes telling a distinctly different story.

"Good," Lethe said for the third time, nodding in understanding.
"Don't leave without us, though, eh?"

"Not on your life, kid. Y'know, I'm starting to grow fond of you guys."

"Cut the crap!" Element yelled, hands on hips. "We've got work to do!"

"Y-yes sirâ€|"

Lethe nodded at her, and she shrugged. "You know I could never stand pilots anyways. So unreliableâ€|"

"Useful, though."

"Ya, useful."

Lethe looked out the small slitted windows into space, and couldn't help but wonder exactly how reliable their pilot would serve to be on the upcoming mission.

For the second time in his life, his stomach fluttered in anxiety. Reaching up to his bare face, he touched a scar that ran from chin to cheekbone, rage rising unbidden and clouding his vision. The last time he had had doubts about ONI, he had received that scar in compensation. It was over two years old, now, but it was starting to tingle again.

Something bad was about to happen.

And even ONI was powerless to stop it.

* * *

><p>So, I hope you guys liked it. I apologize for skipping their training years, but I will try to weave memories and significant events (like Lethe's scar) into the storyline to give you a better concept of what they went through.

Still, though, I hope you enjoyed!

Chapter 6 will be out soon!

End
file.